Diligence

# Muddlebury Crampus

Prudence

Vol. XXXI | MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL 11, 1934 | No. 23

# TYLER BEGINS TO WORK

## SEEALL TO DIRECT STUDENT PROJECT

### Gigantic Gym is Planned as Touching Tribute to Tyler Plus New Recreation Hall

A gigantic Student-works program will be inaugurated some time in the future, no doubt, by the college bookstore association under the directorship of J. Seeall Tyler, it was divulged today. The program as outlined by Commissioner Tyler is rather an ambitious one, but then. Included in the plans of the project are a new college gymnasium and a spacious, up-to-the-minute college recreation center.

The new gymnasium will be known as the Tyler gymnasium, as a tribute to the fame that Commodore Tyler achieved as an all-around athlete in his student days. It will occupy the space close to the board track, now filled by George Farrelli, continental economist and philosopher. It will be like most gymnasiums, with showers, roof, and some windows.

The excellent photo of the recreation center speaks for itself. Large, roomy, spacious, and ample, it should provide an ideal site for student pursuit of recreation, constructive preferred. As can be observed, the architecture will be Gothic, with oodles and oodles of windows. There will also be a fence.

Students who have nothing better to do will be employed in the construction of these additions, with no volunteers accepted. Bids have been forwarded to any number of contractors, and they have all announced their acceptance, which promises an enjoyable time. Bring your own pickle.

### Commissioner Tyler and Colorful Committee

The above photograph shows General Tyler with the committee that will more or less assist him with his task We hardly need to name the well known figures, but we will — try and stop us now. Pass your optics from left to right and see: Standing: Deanie-weenie Squirt Hazel-Tyne, with the doggy chapeau and the Barrymore profile, attached to the end of the dog's leash. (2) Dean Eleanor, glowering, and clutching an arm. (3) Prof. Johnathan Surley Davidson. Are you listenin' or sleepin'? (4) Prof. Stephen Aloysius Seeman. (5) (Editor: "How in ---- did SHE get into the picture?" Photopragher: "Ah, c'est La Belle France!" (6) Prof. Handsome Goddard Owen, the "it" boy. (7) Jack Conly, man-about-town. Seated: (1) Overseer Tyler, the galloping ghost, pigskin and all. (2) Miss Puddle Fisch, S. S. and G. (3) Prof. Frankie Howard, who has forgotten that 'tis impolite to point, but maybe he sees the exit for which Coach A. Mercury Brown (4) is looking so wistfully.

Quite some committee, n'est pas?

## Administration Is Bewildered By Unexpected Reception Of Letter Received From Disinterested Fan Who Heard Radio Broadcasts

The many official dens of the Muddlebury administration throughout Old Chapel and Painter Hall were the scenes of unusual gaiety and celebration last week. The reason was the delivery of a letter to Mr. E. J. Slyly, director of admissions, personnel, etc. The results around the campus were astounding. The president gave his dog a longer walk than usual; the publicity department was spurred on to greater efforts; the deans' secretaries were more lenient in excusing cuts; the chapel chimer was tempted to ring out "Happy Days Are Here Again".

CRAMPUS readers may remember the series of radio programs that Muddlebury sponsored over WBLA, Watervliet. Comments about these programs have been sadly lacking. In fact Mr. Slyly has been rescued several times from the turbulent waters above the falls, after his efforts to end it all. Now, however, his hopes are high, for Muddlebury has received her first fan mail.

The letter comes from Ezra Cornstalk, Puckering Valley, Vt. It is typewritten on Sears-Roebuck's finest linen. The envelope is addressed "Muddlebury Broadcasters" and bears a three-cent NRA stamp.

This curious object has been posted on the Old Chapel bulletin board. It will be read Friday by Prof. H. G. Owing in the Abernethy Wing of Egbert Starr's Bookpile. It is planned that the missive will be presented to President Moody in chapel Saturday, and will then be placed permanently in the collection of Muddleburiana which rots somewhere in the library.

The text of the original letter follows:

"Dear folks what talks over the air: when i was tryin to get the Natl. farm & Home hr. on my radio one day I happened to hear you

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## FAMOUS SONGBIRD SUES H. GODDARD

### Professor at Conservative College Revealed to Be Troublesome Two-timer

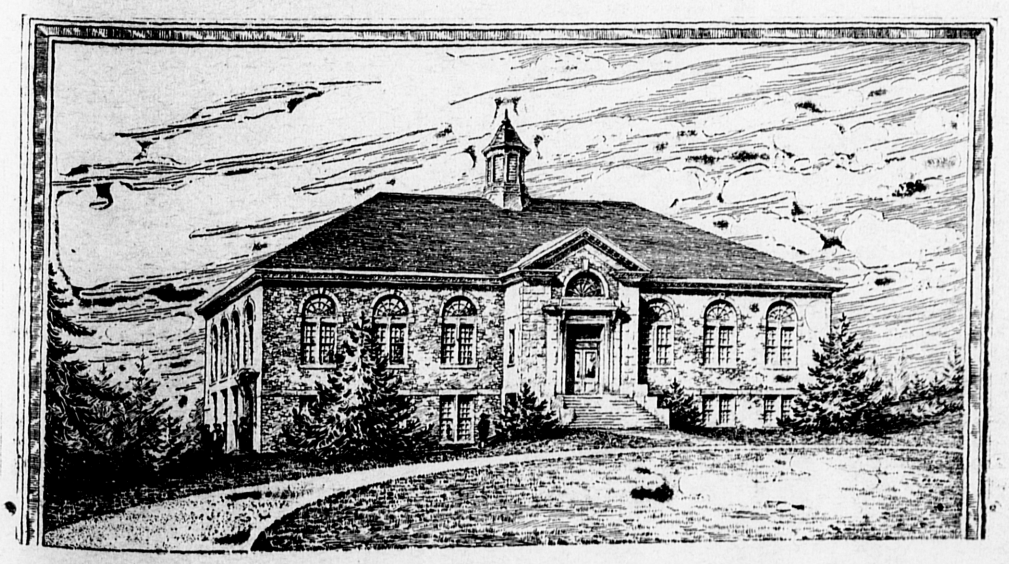
Claiming that he had jilted her cruelly after solemnly promised to be her wedded husband, Mlle. Hope Carp, internationally famous and notorious songbird, today filed suit for breach of promise against one Harry O. Goddard, reputed to have been a professor at a conservative New England college, among other things. Fraulein Carp, in a semi-hysterical condition, refused to give the details of her suit to the press, but mistaking the CRAMPUS reporter for a kindly old gentleman, she poured out her heart to him, along with her tears.

"I like to release my inner self to kind old gentlemen," she murmured, "so here's the dirt. How he harried me," she sobbed, "but now won't marry me."

Miss Carp then swung into her routine and delivered the whole story. She told of the insistent way in which the man, H. O. G., courted her, and then described the blissful days when she found him not the least disagreeable, and returned his affection. Then, the catastrophic climax:

"My lover seemed faithful enough, and I never suspected him of duplicity. Gradually, however, his attention became less constant, and I began to worry about him. So I had him followed by a private detective. Then, sure enough, it all came out, bit by bit. My love was lost; he had deserted me for an acrobat." At this point the lady became incoherent, and our reporter called a taxi, which made him think of Owen.

THE TYLER GYMNASIUM



THE NEW RECREATION CENTER

# Middlebury Campus

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Founded in 1830

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## *THIS SCREAMINGLY FUNNY ISSUE*

Taking the guiding reins of this publication into their somewhat inexperienced hands, the members of the new editorial board inaugurate their tenure of office by presenting the annual "funny issue" (so-called).

As far as we can see, the "funny issue" serves in a capacity similar to that of a tackling dummy—something to practice on, something on which to "get the feel" of the business of turning out a newspaper.

Most of the material included is written for the purpose of making people laugh—humor, some call it. Just how well we will succeed in drawing laughs we are not sure (although we have a fair idea). But even if we do not manage to be funny, we hope that we will not give offense to anyone. Personalities lend themselves most easily to humor, but they also make it easy to become offensive, perhaps insulting. If we have unwittingly touched a sensitive spot in the makeup of any individual, we wish to apologize in advance, and to assure our readers that everything in these pages is perpetrated in a spirit of fun.

To make certain that the reader will be able to immediately identify this as a clown's issue, we are using colored paper. Most likely some of the succeeding issues will be just as funny as this: so we feature the gay paper to announcce that we will not be offended if we stimulate some amusement.

## *THE CRAMPUS CREED*

During its short period of existence, the CRAMPUS has established itself as an organ of sound, conservative policy, as its reader has probably suspected. It has established itself firmly as a staunch pillar upon which tradition has rested, to gain its breath. To assure our public that the CRAMPUS is still maintaining its staunch stand for upstanding retention of unsullied precedent, we take this opportunity to reiterate our policies, viz:

1. We think everything is wrong, but we don't feel like bothering, since we like our sleep.
2. We think education is a mistake, for it gives people ideas; hence we favor colleges, for they are doing their best not to educate anybody.
3. We believe in abolishing classes, marks, professors, assistant professors, instructors, planned curricula, the tariff, and tuition fees.
4. We wish to encourage such socially constructive movements as beauty contests, bridge tournaments, and the Hearst papers.
5. We publish only such news as we can clip from other papers; then we can't get the blame if the news is inaccurate.
6. We go out of our way to hurt people's feelings; they probably don't like us anyway.
7. We never take a dare.
8. We always speak out—of turn.
9. We never bow to the vested interests, nor do we seek their patronage; what have they to gain?
10. We never repeat ourselves.
11. We never repeat ourselves.

So there you are kind reader. We hope we have bolstered up your confidence in us; the more confidnce you have, the more chance to do you, old dear.

## *UNSUNG HEROES*

For a number of years a hardy, conscientious group of students, small in number but sincere in purpose, has been carrying on work without ostentation in a department that has not been given its due recognition. We take this opportunity to offer our felicitations for their good work.

The students we refer to are members of the purposeful band who nightly take the long, tedious hike from the hill to the Opera House, in rain, snow, sleet, and cold, to pursue their course at the Cinema Palace. Under the knowing supervision of Professor Murray, these students are working for their degrees of D.O.H.C. (Doctor of Opera House Cinematics).

Rather than embarrass the naturally sensitive and scholarly group, we will mention no names. But we feel certain that each of them will be heartened when we say, "Good work, fellows, good work!" We salute the Opera House majors, and we only hope that the student body as a whole will henceforth give them just approbation.

# Shreds and Patches

SHREDS—

What with the rest of this esteemed periodical gone completely haywire, screwy and pff-fut — all of a sudden — it seems only proper that this department should blossom forth with an innovation or two of its own, this beautiful May afternoon.

(Editor's note: This isn't May yet, ou dope!)

(Colyumist's note: No? Well, listen, if I say it's May, it is May, see? And —).

(Editor's note: Yah! That's last year's calendar ya got there!)

(Colyumist's note: Who's writing this, you or me?)

As we were saying, folks, . . . on this swell April evening, we first propound the following questionnaire for your consideration. An average of eighty percent assures you of the title of Compleat Middian:

There are ten (9) questions in the list. Answer all eight (7). Do not answer any of the six (5) except in their natural order. Since your test will be graded on a basis of the entire four (3), each of the two (1) questions will count 100 points.

Ready:

Aim:

Duck:

"What is it which no couple on the way to Passion Puddle of a moonlight night should be without, given: (a) normal weaknesses, (b) a sane outlook on life, and (c) an overwhelming sense of something-or-other?"

The answer follows:

"A flashlight and the current issue of the CRAMPUS."

In conclusion may we announce that grades may be obtained by driving a mile and a half along any Vermont road.

Things we never knew 'til now are always popular with our readers, bless their little hearts, so mutter on. Father, too, if he's really interested. We never even suspected, frixample:

That puns are best when served hot, with marmelade, at breakfast.

That there is so little time left before Junior Week, exams, and stuff.

That a member of the English department knows so much about the heart affairs of his students that he has almost perfected artificial apoplexy among his moon-faced darlings.

That duels have been fought for less than the reactions of sensayuma-less readers of a "funny" issue. Except between plumbers, who traditionally forget their duels.

That May-day comes on a Choosday in 1987 — are you busy?

That today was going to be this kind of weather.

That when operators cut in on your amorous dialog with, "Have they answered?" it means you're not making much headway.

That only the latest inventions in linotype machines, and in linotypers themselves, make possible the production of the CRAMPUS this year. Everybody laffed to death before!

That triple cigaret holders are now on sale, so you can be satisfied, pleased and nerveless all at once.

That photographed screen kisses can't last more than ten seconds. Maybe that's why college students are allowed in the moom-pitcher theatres!

That knee-action wheels have been used for years — simply years — in Yurrup, on certain few cars, but they're spurned by the majority. Scientists claim a Chevrolet's reflex actions are negative, anyway.

That a sequel to last-year's local ruling about the minimum kilowatt-ohm limitations for dance illumination is found in the current maximum ditto for entertainers in one of the more hospitable down-town dormitories.

# Muddlebury Musings

### THE THWARTED LOVER

Full short and sweet the phone does ring
This Thursday night so sweet,
For Innward Peggy longs to go
And dance with Hero neat.

"OH, John? I'm well, and how are you? - -
I'm sorry, really sad - -
To tell the truth, I have a date.
Indeed, it is too bad."

As John rings off he curses loud - -
"The little devil lies.
She doesn't like my bowed legs
Or e'en my crossed eyes."

His room-mate, Bill, a football star,
As handsome as Clark Gable,
Is rating all the freshman girls,
His legs upon the table.

"There's Peggy, now, a sweet young thing.
I'll take her to the Inn."
So John, behind the door hears all
With ire as red as sin.

"Why Bill, I'd love to go," she coos.
"It will be lots of fun."
She dons her bestest bib and frock - -
In a jiffy it is done.

Now Innward walk the happy two - -
As arm in arm they go.
They don't see John on evil bent - -
With silent tread and low.

So Bill and Peggy dance that night.
Their feet ne'er miss a beat.
At first they laugh and talk, but soon
They waltz in silence sweet.

But John is standing on the porch.
His eyes, though crossed, are green,
As through the steaming window-pane
He views the happy scene.

He clenches his fist and tears his hair
And heaves two threat'ning sighs
To see the couple gliding past
With love-light in their eyes.

He grits his teeth, and drunk with rage
He grasps his trusty knife!
He opens wide the massive door
To take his rival's life.

A hush has fallen o'er the room.
The music plays no more.
The radio has broken down
As happens o'er and o'er.

As John attacks the restless throng
They greet him with a cheer.
"We'll dance to piano music now.
The Maestro John is here."

So he is forced to sit and play
As best as ever he can
While the girl of his dreams goes gliding past
In the arms of another man.

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### THE BALLAD OF CHIPMAN HILL

In Muddlebury town there is a hill
Of which they tell the tale
That it casts a spell o'er the youth and maid
Who dare its heights to scale.

It wields a wondrous power,
A charm of evil might
For the pair that climb those wooded slopes
In marriage must unite.

Now Muddlebury's football hero
Was a man more brave than wisee,
Who could stoutly resist the U.V.M. line,
But not a co-ed's eyes.

The college vamp set a trap for this catch,
Though already promised was he
To another fair damsel who loved him
Far more devotedly.

She enticed him to Passion Puddle,
And there with alluring smiles
'Neath the sinister shade of the black pine trees
Bewitched him by womanly wiles.

(Continued from page 8)

## CALENDAR

Advance notices for this department will be accepted for publication up to 5 p. m. yesterday, when accompanied by a signed note from one's parents. If stamped envelope is included, we will gladly steam off the stamp for personal use.

**Wednesday—**
4:30 p. m. So this is the funny issue!
5:00 p. m. Last local subscrber begins to plumb his sense of humor.
7:15 p. m. Pearsons Social League meets on the first vacant sofa.

**Thursday—**
7:00 a. m. Six hundred and twenty students end sleepless night from laughing at CRAMPUS.
10:20 a. m. Lover's Reunion, steps of Mead Chapel.
7:30 p. m. Rainy evening of "dancing" begins in Inn lobby.
10:02 p. m. Double warning, Susabella!

**Friday—**
No business.

**Saturday—**
12:30 p. m. College holiday begins.
7:00 p. m. Alpha Sigs heap maledictions on head of stiff-shirt-inventor.
12:00 m. "Set the alarm for two, Jeeves!"

**Sunday—**
9:30 a. m. Annual sugarin'-off party leaves for Bread Loaf, one week ago. Pickles furnished by courtesy of the CRAMPUS.
5:00 p. m. College holiday ends, and weekly fashion show commences, Mead Chapel.
7:43 p. m. One duck offered in sale to one silly citizen.
8:30 p. m. "Have you written home today?"

**Monday—**
5:15 a. m. Sun rises, all alone.
7:00 p. m. Greeks hold symposiums and symposia in chapter hall and hen coop.
7:45 p. m. "Who's going to the show?"
10:50 p. m. Last week-end guests escorted to train.

**Tuesday—**
3:30 p. m. International zither meet, there.
4:30 p. m. International brother meet here.
7:00 p. m. Those who missed Garbo last night will try again.
8:00 p. m. Abernethy reading: "Joyce's 'Ulysses' in Words of One Syllable", by Lansing V. Yammond.

**Wednesday—**
10:00 a. m. Chapel speaker, Paul (Bing) Crusby, on "Capitalism and Why I Would Die for It".
12:00 m. Initial work begun on next year's CRAMPUS.

## Pearly's Pearls

Dearest Pearley:

I am a young lady. I have a gentleman friend who I think is very cute. However he has a dog, and he (the dog) is cuter yet. I like the first (Human) but he's jealous of his dog. Can you suggest anything to remedy this?

Hopefully yours,
Dog lover.

Dear Doglover:

I hope that your friend does not suspect the dog. However you might put the dog collar on your human friend's neck, sprinkle him with flea powder, and turn out the lights.

Yours in a canine way,
Pearley.

Deah Pearly:

The Chateau is mah home. Mah honey and ah enjoy spending the evenings at rapture reservoir. This is a distance from the Chateau and we have to hasten over the rough path to "beat the bell". Somehow ah find ah am so tired when ah arrive home. What can ah do?

Weary.

Deah Weary:

You might try the birch grove. If this is not satisfactory ah would be happy to show you a less fatiguing way in the woods.

Pearly.

# DOOK THE DILLER TAKES A TRIP

## All Star Wonder of Muddlebury Ventures On Triumphant Tour of Southern States

Dook Nellson, the famed ex-footballer, hockey player, and all star wonder of the Muddlebury campus recently made a sensational and triumphant tour of the less enlightened and cultured states somewhere south of our own Vermont.

Ably press-agented by the enterprising CRAMPUS, Nellson left Mudd, amid the cheers of his enthusiastic admirers, (the whole six of them, the other two considered two bits not enough compensation for standing on the street waving the red flag).

His expensive touring car, the tonneau laden to the gunwhales with dirty shirts, spare socks, golf sticks, basebally gloves, hockey skates, and a pair of skiis, (with which the Dook later awed the populace of Philadelphia with his inimitable deeds of derring do) soon carried the leading amateur diller of this campus on to greater and more splendid achievements.

Amid the plaudits of the country side the Dook drove to the thriving metropolis of Troy, where he was met by a reception committee, composed of the leading citizens, among whom there were many young and winsome lassies who on this occasion decorated him with garlands of dandelions.

As the applause died down, and the thunderous strains of "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes", played by the Troy Streetcleaners Brass Band faded into nothingness, Nellson with the modest nature, so well known to his friends and ernest admirers, arose and addressed the committee.

Quoting verbatim from his informal speech: "My friends, I am very happy to see that you have taken advantage of this wonderful opportunity to see in the flesh, THE Dook Nellson, and I wish to say that I have torn myself away from my collich, where I am one of the best coaches that has been seen there for the last forty years, and where the women are wild, in fact positively crazy about me, only because of the earnest entreaties of you people who wished to see in the flesh a real HE Man, in fact the best that has come out of Vermont since the flood. I thank you for the reception, but when do we eat?"

After a meal at the leading dog cart of the city, where the Dook amazed the city fathers by the enormous quantity of food which he stowed away in his hold, the triumphant march continued, the Dook personally driving, and chilling his passengers by his well known driving skill, and especially by the difficult "Free Wheel" trick, never duplicated by any living man (the ones who have done it are dead) in which in order to aid his oral efforts, the Dook removes both hands from the wheel when the car is progressing along a detoured section of road, and gives it free rein.

The trip continued, down along the banks of the majestic Hudson, Nellson retaining the wheel at intervals, at other times letting the noble chariot pick its course. The ovations along the line of march continued in full force, and the Dook's shy and retiring nature asserted itself strongly, as he would only allow fifty pictures to be taken at each stop, and as he dislikes publicity, forbade the photographers to publish it in the Police Gazette.

Upon reaching the outskirts of the Bronx, he received the greatest ovation of the entire day. A bevy of Follies girls were on hand and did their best to make him feel at home. The details of the colossal and stupendous affair are too bewildering to be adequately described but as the procession wended its way down that great man made canyon known as Broadway, our hero's voice could be heard above the din of hooting whistles, screeching sirens, and honking horns.

The reception was concluded upon the famous steps of the city hall, when the Mayor presented the Dook with the key to the city (that is to the back door). And Nellson again, in one of his frequent flashes of wit, made an extemporaneous speech which will be some day placed beside the Gettysburg Address (as blotting paper).

The speech ran as follows: "Mr. Mayor, and fellow citizens, I wish to thank you for this wonderful reception, and not only do I thank you, but I know that in their heart of hearts, all the women in this city thank you, for you have given them the rare and great privilege, of seeing me with their own eyes."

When last seen, Nellson was proceeding in the general direction of Baltimore, where he announced that he was going to give an exibition of first class fancy skiing, and, as a sideline, gather material for a report of the fair belles of the South.

## Passion Puddle Scene of Passionate Amatory Lecture by Professor Brook

Reginald L. Brook, West-Running professor of American literature, gave the concluding lecture is his series on "The Lure of the South Sea Islands" before an enthusiastic audience at the rim of Passion Puddle last evening.

In this insect-ridden paradise, with the whine of mosquitoes reminiscent of a sirens' chorus, and the bare branches of the towering pines suggesting palms, Professor Brook murmured that he could go on babbling for ever.

His subject was the very personal reaction of a moby Dick Andharry, retired New England preacher, who went to these alluring shores to seek a new wife, his former companion in wedlock having found the key to a higher realm of existence, as anticipated in her philosophy of life.

"Parson Andharry was a fine man in his way," said the professor, "a typical Elizabethan character. He was very robust. One day when he'd been snowbound for several hours, he grew bored with the busts of Plato in his brown study, and he resolved to see the world; by push-bike, if necessary. He got on his horse with his Newfoundland dog and trapsed over to see Hoarfrost, his neighbor. There they decided that a change would be good for the preacher. So in 1857 he caught a little packet and he went.

"When the islands were still a long way off, the good man began to feel the lure of the gentle breezes. He lost all sense of his responsibilities and his place in society. He was no longer concerned about the situation in Cuba, nor how he could set the world on fire. Devil! He even stopped thinking about Americans, and what is an education."

Continuing his address, Prof. Brook told how the ex-parson arrived on shore, only to be met by a noble savage who shouted, "Queequag," to him, which the saintly Andharry interpreted as, "Welcome to our city." He met a dusky brown girl (he'd always liked women) and he was delighted when she said her name was Fadaway. They were married by the local witch doctor called Salame.

"Under her gentle influence, the fogs in his brain cleared. He carried on magnificently with his second wife, for he was quite a dandy. The Andharry children came along bit by bit, until there were five of them. They illustrated Lugubrious' theory on great wits being allied to madness. One was weak-minded, another was dumb, the third was cracked, and the next was stupid. Only one had any brains, and he died young.

"In spite of this shadow, Mr. Andharry reveled in the moonlight on the becalmed waters and had a sharkingly good time fishing. But the preacher died after a fashion.

"This releases the man," said Prof. Brook, as he removed his necktie and hurried through the groves which were once temples. Everyone felt that the South Seas were bully.

# FIRE RAZES CHATEAU AND SHEEMAN WEEPS

## Sleeping Beauty Causes the Early Morning Debacle; Tardy Trustees Make Disaster Complete

Early this morning the 320 constituent parts of Muddlebury College and 308 constituent parts of the Women's College at Muddlebury witnessed one of the severest catastrophes the college has ever undergone since Golly Moody had the measles, that of the razing of the Chateau.

**Fire Breaks Out**

At approximately 3.495 a. m. the fire broke out in one of the most elaborate suites on the ninth floor, that of Miss Slishop and Miss Slaronson. It being the maid's night out, at midnight Miss Slishop had started to make herself a cup of coffee. Not knowing how to operate the elaborate electrical appliance recently installed for the purpose, she had built a small open fire in the middle of the room, suspending the coffee pot from the chandelier. The aromatic odors of this dated coffee are blamed for her falling asleep.

**Mlle. Bino Arrives**

Meanwhile the fire spread. Miss Slaronson was finally awakened by the crackling of the flames as they were devouring the foot of her bed. Arousing Miss Slishop with difficulty, they escaped from the raging furnace and took the escalator to the fourth floor to notify Mademoiselle Bino, the housemother. After removing night-cap and curlers, the Mademoiselle rushed into the corridor to sound the fire-bell. To her amazement forty "jeunes filles" made their exit fully clothed . . . it was the night before a French Lit. exam.

**Hepburn Sends Squad**

Dr. Sheeman, who had been correcting papers in his office, left immediately on horseback to notify Miss Ross and Prexy Moody, and to learn what should be done. Awaiting the return of the cavalier, crowds gathered from neighboring dormitories. The Hepburn delegation were first to arrive due to their technique in removing doors which made it unnecessary to unlock them. One of the youngsters had brought with him a telephone but this was not used for at this point the horse bearing the messenger was heard galloping back.

**Trustees Informed**

The word from Prexy Moody was that he had wired the Trustees for advice and ordered that nothing be done until reply should be received.

Dr. Sheeman made the only exception to this rule when in a moment of weakness he dashed into the grand salon and returned with the beautiful grand piano under one arm and the $20,000 rug under the other.

**Hetty Ryan Rescued**

As the excited crowd joined hands and began to sing a Mudd song around the cheery fire, a weak plea for "Help" was heard, and Hetty Ryan was seen making pleading gestures from a fifteenth story window. The students stood horrified but one member of the faculty with presence of mind and poise was heard to reply "Parlez francais, s'il vous plait". After the momentary pause an ensemble of the Starr,Painter and Hepburn groups formed by standing on each other's shoulders. Miss Ryan was safely and tenderly relayed to the ground.

As the bells sounded for eight o'clock classes, the sorrying group began to disperse leaving behind them the smoking ruins. Dr. Sheeman was last seen on his knees amid the cinders sniffing franatically for any of that expensive French atmosphere which might remain.

# BIG BOLD KNIGHTS HAVE A NIGHTMARE

## English-men Put Thru Petty Paces in Second Annual Meeting of Square Table

The second annual meeting of the knights of the Square Table was held under the Christmas tree on lower campus last Monday afternoon. A fair-sized delegation of pages and queens of love and beauty listened dully as the strains of "God Save the Thing" proclaimed an impending ceremony.

Sir Herald Hurriedlee, publicity director, flourished his fish horn and announced the knights as they collected themselves from the highways and by-ways of Muddlebury.

First to arrive was Sir Dogged Jeers, riding a victorious steed. Removing his sombrero with a withering gesture, Sir Jeers smiled sweetly at the throng before turning to his hobby. "Isn't it romantic, my moon-faced darling!", he drooled, as he took his place at the table.

A cloud of dust from Storrs avenue anticipated the advent of Sir H. Egadard Owen who came in a snuff-colored huff. After surveying the crowd, the placid knight frowned, "I tank I'm goin' home."

Scarcely had he finished speaking before there was a metallic clank on the gravel walk and up came Sir Prancing Lammond astride his shovel. With shouts of pleasure the flower maidens hastened to fling victrola records in his path. This rendered Sir Lammond speechless, but he was heard to hum, "Shovel Off to Buffalo."

As if called by the griping melody, a fourth knight was seen charging over the crest of the hill. A magnificent figure, resplendent in an Indian warbonnet, Sir Credulous Crook urged his buffalo bit by bit until he gained the good old tree. When someone proffered a couple of parkmans to reward his beast, Sir Credulous accepted them graciously, thundering in his best Oxon. manner, "Em er son-of-a-gun!"

At this point more than one of the gathering felt sad, as if a cloud had gone over the sun, but a moment later a huge, pre-helium inflated balloon floated down from the sky, and Sir Bluster Brown emerged. After doing a few syntactical contortions, he went blowing about among the other knights with whom he grew tentatively tentuous.

Sir Frankincenst Lady arrived next

(Continued on page 5)

## Barnacle Speaks on Life Among the Fish

### Noted Scientist, After Three Years on "Bladder Wrack" Longs Again for Open Sea

Professor Raymond L. Barnacle, noted authority on marine life, addressed the Sea Scouts of Ripton at their semi-annual bamboozle last Friday.

Relating his adventures aboard a certain pink-gilled ship, known to the crew as "bladder wrack", Dr. Barnacle, billed as a sailor, told how he spent three years behind the mast. During this time he watched the tides of life in the Iguesso sea and noted many charming woolly fish, besides mermaids disporting in ocean hay-fields.

"It is a swimming adventure," continued the speaker, "and mine was a most haustoric trip. Now as I sit on my peziza here in Muddlebury, eating strawberries and examining the bacterial content of milky whey, I long for the open sea. How my hands blister at the thought of those rusting anchor chains; How I pine for the puff-ball popovers with gooseberry jam that we had every yesterday morning!"

Summarizing with a mechanistic interpretation of what life is coming to for the alternative generations, Dr. Barnacle advised his young friends to hold fast to their substratum. "Keep away from the ruts and the smuts," he cautioned, "enjoy the gentle breezes of the dicots and the monocots, but avoid the batcots."


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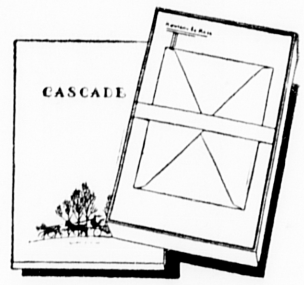


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# MUDDLEBURY'S BULL OVERTHROWN

## OLD STANDBY GIVES WAY TO NEW BLOOD

Full-Nelson Bottombruiser, long the patron bull of Muddlebury, was tendered a farewell reception at Porterhouse field early this morning. A huge crowd witnessed the ceremony which marked the retirement of this noble animal, and the succession of his son, Half-Nelson C. C. Bottombruiser, whose reign started immediately. Just to unconfirm your suspicions, C. C. is for his mama, Contented Cow.

As the throng sought refuge in the grand stand Sir Herald Hurriedlee cleared the cinders, and announced the impending presence of the beloved monarch. In truly regal manner, and looking every inch a king, Full-Nelson appeared. The photographer caught him in the act of acknowledging the loud cheers which greeted him.

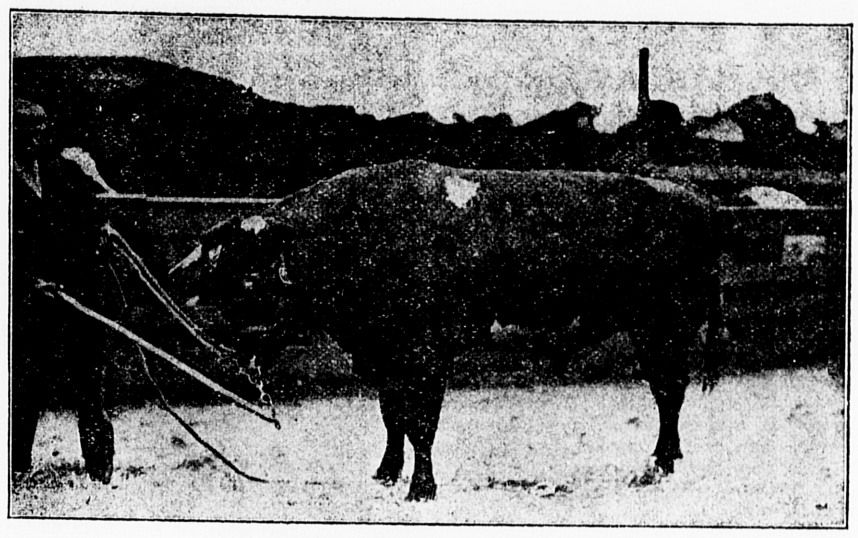
There was scarcely a dry eye in the stand when the director of departures used his wiles in persuading the enfeebled emperor to express his feelings. It was some time before he was able to steady himself, so a delegation from the glee club sang the Toreador Song, and the sophomore women danced "Hay for Three", under the direction of Miss Nosenopeer.

When he could control the new lows which his voice hit, Full-Nelson tossed as he had never talked before. Beginning with his early days in the china shop, he told how he felt sadly out of place, and longed for someone to take him by the horns; anywhere, except back to the crockery.

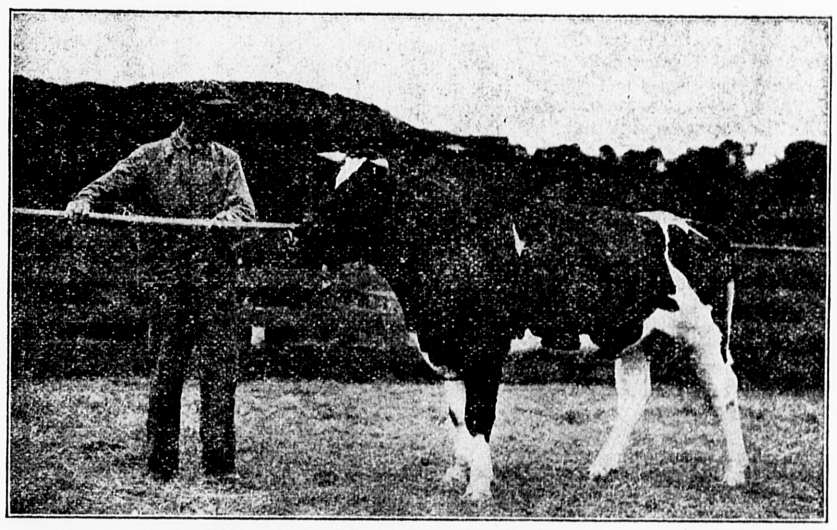
"I finally bulldozed the clerk, whose name, by the way, you will remember was "Little Nell", and she offered to disguise me as an odd sort of fellow. A moose, I believe. It was in this manner that I came to Muddlebury and spent some years avoiding the Hon. Bartun Hepborn's long carabine.

"A petition from the student body saved me, and since then I have been free. Now as the blue lather of Castile soap runs thin in my veins, let me give you a word of advice." Here Full-Nelson fondled the red ribbon which Mortar Board had tied around his neck, for the occasion, and said, "It doesn't matter what sort of background you have, it's what you put on top. I can wear scarlet because I have a black and white background. My coat of arms is encrusted with mud, but a patient spirit tosses behind it."

This was all that he could utter, and the crowd bellowed its enthusiasm. While he was marching away, Sir Herald told the audience that a group of the alumni have expressed a desire to care for Full-Nelson in his old age, according to their wishes, he will become their charge. Thomas J. Doffield '33 will be the first custodian. "I want to have near me this symbol of my many triumphs", wrote Mr. Doffield.



At the left is Mr. Full - Nelson, as he passes into retirement, head bowed. Affectionately nursing him is his curator, Alumnus Doffield.



To the right, the newly - installed Half-Nelson, young, proud, and rugged. A hard man to keep down, no matter how hard he is tossed.

Hi! Flippy! Lookit the big moolie cow. It's Mrs. Full-Nelson, and the mommer of Half-Nelson, our new Bull. She is the original contented bovine. Please don't feed or annoy.

## Women Stage Riot That Baffles Police

### Absence of Mail Delivery to Dorms Causes Numerous Catastrophes on Campus

A large number of the students of the Women's college at Muddlebury recently participated in a parade as a protest against the non-delivery of mails at the dormitories on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The women marched down College street to the new post office where an exceedingly violent demonstration took place. When they reached the Inn they were forcibly disbanded by the Muddlebury police force who assembled in large numbers in order to prevent a riot. Banners and placards stating the object of the revolt were confiscated by the police.

The fact that there is no distribution of mail on the above-mentioned afternoons has caused considerable unrest in the women's college. One girl, expecting a check from her family by the afternoon mail, fainted when informed that she would have to brave the Muddlebury mud herself and fetch it from the post office. Another, who was awaiting a letter from the friend at home, had hysterics, quelled only by the college nurse with the inevitable remedy.

The position of the new post office has caused a great deal of adverse comment, since several girls have collapsed from sheer exhaustion after carrying a heavy laundry case such a distance.

Administrative authorities are already taking steps to provide for a system of student distribution of mails in order to avoid any future disturbance.

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## KNIGHTS GATHER AT ANNUAL BIG BRAWL

(Continued from page 3)

in coonskin cap and Elizabethan buskins. He was engaged in an energetic conversation with his companion Sir Percival Percolator who was leading a hardy beast. "Oh, what a gal ah had taking it last year!", said Sir Lady, with a diminutive giggle.

Excited shrieks of "The darling!" escaped from the lips of the spectators as a white streak bounded across the mud holes and gamboled into their midst. Six hundred throats burst from a single cheer as a whispered ejaculation, "Golly!", broke the stillness. In another second, King E. Paulibus Unum flicked a bit of fur from his ermine robes and drew himself up before his subjects.

"In the King's English, I would call your attention to the dates of May 21-26 when the final tournament for honorable candidates to win a coveted knighthood will be conducted. As Christians, sportsmen, and gentlewomen may you have success, for I enjoy playing Santa Claus."

As with this hilarious haggadah, the second annual meeting of the knights of the Square Table dismembered, a low murmur was discerned which the ever present CRAMPUS reporter translated as: "You haven't got a chance."

## Kiddie Frolic for Faculty Is Given at Mead Chapel

A select group of faculty members attended a Kiddie party in Mead Chapel last night. The party ended at 10:30 p. m. promptly.

The guests were first entertained by Dean Burt A. Hazeltine who presented a number of Mother Goose rhymes in costume. Miss Isabel A. Gunn then carried on with a group of original facial contortions after which several selections from "The Children's Sunday School Hymnal" were rendered by Miss Ida V. Gidson.

"Follow the Leader" and "Leap Frog" were then enjoyed by the assembled company. In conclusion refreshments of lollypops and pink lemonade were served from the balcony. Although the guests all came in formal attire, taxis were optional.

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## Grampington Gives A Philosophization

### City of Cleveland Elaborated Upon in First of Series of Ten Old Chapel Lectures

Prof. V. C. Grampington delivered the first in a series of ten lectures before a capacity audience last night in Old Chapel in the very room in which he attended classes some years ago. The subject of the address was "The Great City of Cleveland".

Professor Grampington lived in that city for several years and though at first the subject of his address seemed a bit bewildering to the mind of the common layman because of its greatness and inclusiveness, the speaker soon dispelled all doubt as to his ability to treat it convincingly by his logical appeal to the emotions of his audience. The professor is well qualified to discuss this topic because while he lived in the great city of Cleveland he was in a position to know. As this lecture was merely introductory, just what he knows will be revealed at some later date.

Recognizing the value of suspense, the speaker held his audience spellbound by frequent allusions to "Henrietta", a mysterious being who exerts a powerful influence over the thoughts and actions of all students. Professor Grampington even hinted that she might in some way be responsible for the deplorable conditions existing among college students at frequent intervals but he stated positively that she is in no way connected with the misrepresentations and falsehoods constantly appearing in the world of journalism. Newspapers lie, according to the speaker, because it is their very nature to do so and, furthermore, it is contrary to all human experience to believe that they do not. "Henrietta's" identity will be definitely revealed in the next lecture.

A summary of the actual facts given about the great city of Cleveland cannot be printed here because the speaker wishes them to be withheld for use in the next nine addresses which will be presented at any convenient date.

The lecture was illustrated with strikingly realistic and colorful examples. All the examples are guaranteed to be fast color so there is absolutely no danger of their fading before the next address.

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# *True Dope Revealed About Some Fossils on Display at Muddlebury*

Your Chinatown correspondent has, at the risk of his reputation and dignity, dissected these forthcoming scraps of information, possibly better put, bits of degredation, concerning those ancient fossils, namely local stoop-tags now found on exhibition at the famous matrimonial agency, Muddlebury College.

Friend, Romans and countrymen, don't get me wrong, these are not little known facts about well known people, but merely well known hooey about unheard of fossils. If at any time or place you have reason to doubt the invalidity of these fossils, pardon me, I mean the validity of these scraps, I refer you to such well known scientific journals as Hooey, College Humor, Ballyhoo, Gay Parisiene, etc. Now to get down to brass facts, the following are the scraps, or whatever you choose to call them.

Fossil E. C. Tynarb now claims to have discovered a new light wave, yes indeed an invisible black wave, which he believes is being emitted from some stella at the rate of point naught, naught, naught, naught, naught, one, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, dumbells per family of twenty three, approximately. He says that light from this stella must first be passed through a dense medium before the invisible black ray can be seen. Up to the present time he has employed the cerebum of a friendly fossil as that dense medium. He reports that the cerebum which he has been using is about the most dense thing that he can find but does not doubt that he could find other fossils at Muddlebury which would be equally as valuable as a dense medium.

Fossil Hewit has found out that his numerous trips to Rome, Athens, Egypt, and Fairhaven were only dreams. Doctors say that this revalation was quite a shock to the fossil because now he realizes that he never did stand in the streets of Pompeii before the ruins of some Roman house and, with the light of knowledge in his eyes, gave through the atrium back to the splendors of the peristyle. He wishes to apologize to the members of his classes who have heard him relate so many times that wonderful things seen on these dream trips.

Another news flash: it is rumored that Fossil Adem is about to publish a new book which will startle the universe. The book is written especially for the younger generation and will contain the latest dope on how to avoid creatures of the opposite sex, how to carry yourself like a stately Roman gentleman, and most important of all, it will disclose the formula for developing a ladies' smile.

Fossil Ringharton announces a new development in the realm of philosophy. He claims that by following the teachings of the ancients he can, with the help of a friendly fossil, hypnotize himself so that he can gaze into a crystal of youth and see the future of Muddlebury College as clearly as he usually sees the flashy neckties of a colleague fossil. He says that the thing which appears in the crystal most often and is the most persistent is a real erect image of a change in the present system.

Fossil Rowhad has discovered in a roving herd of canines one mongrel which will absolutely at all times, that is if there is an allowance made for change in pressure, unheard of temperatures and the absence of other canine friends, respond correctly with the proper reflex action when the proper spot is gently tickled with the bearded end of a year old I G A broomstick.

Fossil Klingyes recently had a dream in which some great power disclosed to him that they don't wanna talk, but they do wanna sleep.

Fossil Deepspring has discovered a new nudist colony. He reported the find to the government but they refused to take any action against the offenders because they consider that it would be a waste of Flit, and besides, if a fossil wants a nudist colony in his hair, then that is his business. You see, the colony was discovered while Fossil Deepspring was peering intently through a powerful microscope at a couple of hairs from the cortex of a friendly fossil. The nudists were only a band of microbes working out their problem of the survival of the fittest.

Fossil Lesswir claims that he has discovered the smallest electric motor in the world. After much research work he found that near the furthermost extremities of the east end of a firefly going west there is a tiny dynamo hidden. He says that there is a great possibility that in the future we may be able to harness the source of this electrical energy. His careful calculations show that enough electricity could be gotten from seven million of these beasts to make a small flashlight bulb glow like the phosphorus on a fifty cent Ingersoll pocket watch.

# Browm Will Head School of Dancing

## Big Man in the Department Of English to Demonstrate Aesthetic Dancing Tactics

Mr. Richard L. Browm, formerly instructor in English, has been selected by the administration to head the new department of aesthetic dancing for the men's college.

As soon as weather permits Maestro Browm and his assistant, J. Perley Davisom will give a demonstration of the scope of the various courses for the edification of any who might be interested in study under the department. The program of typical dances will be presented on chapel hill and musical accompaniment on the chimes will be supplied by Victor J. Kiccio '34.

President Ooody, speaking for the administration admits that the formation of such a department has been under consideration for some time. He explained that Prof. O. O. Owen has been agitating for this course since 1920 and claims that it seems necessary at the present time because of the general awkwardness prevalent in spite of physical education and frequent informals.

"I feel confident," he said, "that this experiment will be successful. We considered many candidates for the chair, but after consultation with Ted Shawn decided upon Prof. Browm. His main qualifications are his Hellenic physique, innate gracefulness, and his sympathy with Muddlebury needs."

"Have You Got a Few Minutes After Chapel?"

# *Faculty Members to Show Their Astounding Abilities Junior Week*

The Cosmos club, faculty organization, plans to present a prodigious program as a part of junior week activities, according to a late flash from the CRAMPUS scoop, energetic inside-dope reporter.

Designs for the proposed project are being guarded with utmost secrecy according to Wind Storm Lee, erstwhile publicity agent. He issued, however, the following statement for the press: "We can only promise that this presentation will be the most amazing, astonishing, astounding, bewildering, breathtaking, dazzling, dumbfounding, fascinating, inconceivable, incredible, marvelous, miraculous, monstrous, overwhelming, prodigious, sensational, staggering, stupendous, surprising, and un-imaginable (apologies to Roget's Thesaurus) spectacle ever witnessed at Muddlebury."

Slightly personal interviews with members of the committee entrusted with the preparation of the concoction disclosed from the Etheopian obscurity of their Stygian caverns a few vague rumors regarding the character of the prospectus.

An enormous multitude, an unprecedented host in this vicinity, is expected to attend the portentious pageant. Work on enlarging and improving Porter field to accomodate such an array will be undertaken in the near future. It is expected that this will begin before ground is broken for the proposed new gymnasium.

According to an unsubstantiated rumor, a colossal athletic event, the most momentous and consequental contest of the age will climax the spectacle. The wildest dream of the most imaginative sport fans promises at last to be consumated. The outstanding speed demons of all time, whose very names have struck terror into the hearts of the greatest runners, will at last match stride for stride and forever settle the controversy which has caused brother to knife brother, and sons to heedlessly spill the blood of their sires. Mere words are powerless to express the emotion that fills the hearts of the patrons of the sports world as they breathlessly count the hours until at last Werner "Hare" Noisy and Willie "Tortoise" Burrage shall meet.

Nor, my friends, shall the vast audience be allowed to endure a single dull moment as they await this prodigious event. Visualize a program which will include such features as: the first public appearance of Bluster Brown and his group of ascetic dancers; Gramp Harpington making public for the first time his discoveries in the realms of the fourth dimension which will make it possible to remove your hard-boiled egg without breaking the shell, escape from the dean's office at the most trying moment, and make fire escapes for women's dormitories unnecessary; B. Hard Beck, with a thunderous burst of oratory, breaking all precedent by predicting one victory for 1934; Sliprule Bowker rocking the cradle of science by a demonstration of how he discovered a method to triangle the section with bell, book, and camera, et cetera ad infinitum.

It has also been whispered that for benefit of the children and those wishing lighter amusement a special sideshow of faculty freaks will be available.

## LECTURE PLAN IS SUGGESTED

In an effort to ease the burdens of our professors, the following lecture outline is suggested. It may be checked at suitable phrases, and is expected to replace antiquated forms of extemporaneous oratory.

I. Introduction
  - A. The class will come to order
  - B. Good morning, Bill
  - C. As we were saying in our last lecture
  - D. Let's see, we have absent
  - E. Est-ce que la troisieme cloche a sonne?
  - F. The assignments are on the board

II. Subsequent paragraphs
  - A. Now when I was last in
    - England
    - Germany
    - Italy
    - Spain
    - the Painted Desert
    - Australia
    - along the Mississippi
  - B. I was particularly impressed by—poor coffee
    - Hitler
    - Roman roads
    - Spanish rice
    - rugged topography
    - butterflies
    - floating algae
  - C. I have never been to ——, but I have been to ——.
  - D. The former doesn't compare favorably with ——
    - Tristran and Isolde
    - Anthony Adverse
    - Chamberlain's Hypothesis
  - E. Books will be found in ——
    - The Bookstore
    - the library
    - dormitories
  - III. Punctuation remarks
    - As it were
    - And so forth
    - Er-r-r
    - Quite
    - Sure
  - IV. When making assignments
    - Write a paper on —— A practical impossibility
    - A very personal reaction to ——
    - The love life of fruit flies
    - What is Art?

If the lecture can be delivered dramatically in the manner of Ruth Draper or Cornelia Otis Skinner, so much the better.

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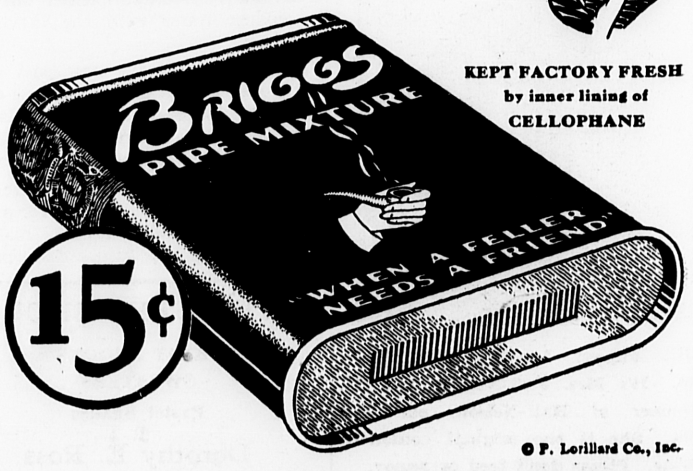


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# Isabel Boom-boom Wins Faculty Run

## Ten Participants Take Part In Racy Meet Held Down By the Palais Athleticus

After the Saturday noonday meal had been partaken of at the college soup-kitchens, the crowds commenced to gather along the cross country course. The impatient throngs were there to witness the faculty cross country meet, the first event of its kind to take place on the Muddlebury campus. It was held out of season in order that it would not interfere with the varsity cross country practice.

**Entries Warm Up**

Down by the Palais Athleticus the ever present CRAMPUS reporter observed many well known figures clad in running suits and warming up for the big race. The reporter's pencil scratched down such names as Johnnie Bow-wow, Douglas S. Budweiser, Don Juan Thentayno, J. Perley Shavison, William S. Burpage, Duke Smelson, Allen D. Cline, and — not forgetting the fairer sex — Dean Primrose, Isabel Boom-boom, and Viola C. Black. The officials of the race were Coach Bend Back and Dean Hazelnut. W. Storsley was there, of course, with his corps of publicity men.

Meanwhile, over on Fraternity Row, competition for standing room grew stronger as the gallery grew larger. Most of the spectators conceded that Duke Smelson would be the winner because of the many years he had spent in training for the contest. However, a few doubting Thomases thought that Shavison, or even Burpage, might take first place.

**Gun Goes Off**

The moment for the start of the race drew near. The gun was to be fired by Prexy, but he was unfortunately snowbound in Trainstop Junction, Conn. In his place, Charles N. DuBers '94 stepped up to perform the ceremony. As the shot pierced the calm stillness of the Muddlebury atmosphere, tense bodies shot forward. Some were so impatient they did not even wait for the gun.

The group began to thin out after the runners passed the cemetery. Only six participants could be counted by your recorder as he accompanied them across the golf links en bicycle. Two of the six were soon eliminated. Johnnie Bow-wow took the shortest distance between two points and was disqualified for not following the regular course.

**The Duke Leads**

As the runners rounded the corner by the seventeenth hole Doug Budweiser dropped out and "granted" the race to the remaining three. They were Smelson, Black, and Boom-boom.

The Duke was in the lead, but he began to lag as he noticed the plight of Miss Black, who was rapidly losing motive power. Then the chivalrous young man was seen to encourage the little lady to put on more speed. For fully two minutes helpful suggestions flowed from the Duke's oral cavity, but they could not aid Miss Black, who finally dropped by the wayside. The Abernethy maiden had lost her wing.

**Boom-boom Breaks Tape**

While the Duke and Miss Black were engaged in conversation, the only other contestant passed them and was nearing the finish line. The cheers of the crowd warned Smelson of the impending danger, but he was unable to make a last spurt. The spoken word had robbed him of all bodily energy, and he too bit the dust. Isabel Boom-boom broke the tape with a record run of 39:63, after the usual mathematical argument about the two stop-watches.

When she received the cellophane cup, Miss Boom-boom utterred the following words, which have now become as famous in Muddlebury history as somebody-or-other's cane. "I owe all my success to Vitamin G, Sal Hepatica, and the constant use of my Ford."

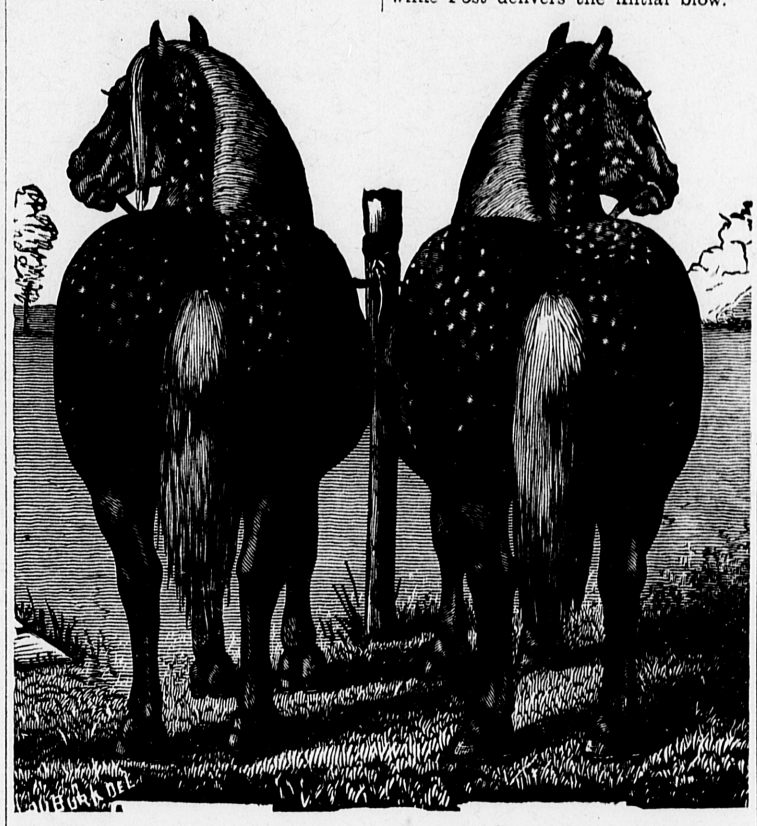
---

Students today are "lacking in initiative in intellectual thinking, and are failing to apply their education in everyday living", according to a member of the faculty of Louisiana State normal college.

# Mortimer L. "Ike" Post Honors Muddlebury With Presentation of Ancient Hitching Post

The Muddlebury CRAMPUS has been requested to announce the presentation to the college of a valuable new hitching post by Mortimer L. "Ike" Post '00. Mr. Post has been bothered for some years by an intense desire to have his name indelibly stamped on the minds of the people of the college, and his scintillating intelligence hit upon the ingenious device of donating the Post post to the school. "See the post and think of Post" he begged in his letter of presentation.

As may be devined from the photograph above, the post is an excellent post, as posts go. It is of burnished oak, with a rope of hand-fashioned horsehair, guaranteed, $1.98 C. O. D. The post will be grounded in front of Painter hall at midnight, February 31 of next year, with Colonel (you didn't know he was a Colonel?) Post administering the first blow with the college sledgehammer. As yet no one has been located who is willing to hold the post while Post delivers the initial blow.



# *Bissler's Super-sensitive Mike Used Exclusively In Mudd Programs*

Being seated at the radio and having in hand both pencil and paper, reporter 12345-A was fortunate enough to be able to take down word for word the following as it was carried to him through the medium of his loud speaker.

"Afternoon folks, we come to you now from the Muddlebury campus through the courtesy of Wenny, Bissler, Inc., manufacturers of fine microphones and kitchen utensils. The Bissler mike is super, super sensitive and records with utmost precision even the beating of the human heart as was evidenced by tests conducted when one was installed in close proximity to the telephone in Hillcrest. The result closely resembled the beating of two dozen African tom-toms. These delicate instruments are made from ostracised cocoa tins and are constructed with much precision involving the use of round-about multiplication, binomial dispersion, clockwise blotting of curves, transcontinental functions, differentials, exponentials and incidentals.

"However, folks, enough about our great product and now for the game that is going on here this afternoon. Vermont is kicking off to Mudd and Williams takes it on the 10 yard line, avoids two would-be tacklers but is finally downed by trainer George Farrell on the 18 yard mark. Both teams are lining up again now and it looks as if they're going to try the old hit and run play. Yes sir, Stefaniak hits the first ball pitched and with the crack of the bat Zawistoski is off for second as Hoehn tears for third. The ball travels far into the outfield where Sweet has it now. He's dribbling down the far side of the court and passing the guard he tries a flip at the basket which just falls short of the rim as the crowd howls. Clonan's in there, however, for the rebound but misses the ball completely as Dwyer picks up the puck on the Blue and White defence. Dwyer is stickhandling nicely, folks, and is crossing his own blue line. He's up to the Vermont defence and MacLean joins him in a two man break for the Green and Gold net. The pass is to MacLean but the latter's shot is wide. Flagg picks up the ball close to the net and drops one in the far court which La Force returns with a beautiful forehand that forces his opponent to relinquish the ball as Hunter coming around the far turn is rapidly lengthing his lead and hands the baton to Prochazka. Prochazka is digging in now as is Pickens in an effort to blast the ball out of the trap. His next shot is on the green and the crowd is tensely watching as the ball approaches the cup. It stops about two inches from the little depression, however, and a groan arises from the heretofore mute populace. Oh boy, oh boy, here's action plus, yes sir! We can see them coming from a distance in spite of the fast falling snow. It looks like, no, yes it is, it's Kelly folks, his snowshoes flying as he plods forward. But, oh, oh, it looks like another time out as someones hurt and both coaches and trainers rush out into the water - - - - - "

The pencil having broken and the paper having given out, reporter 123456-A (raised his one for his good work.) found it quite impossible to record the final period of the thrilling battle. However, fret not cause it wasn't very exciting anyway. The score? We don't know!

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A movement has been started at Johns Hopkins university to boycott all student activities which make charges in addition to the student activities card.

"The solution of our present educational problems is to eliminate those elements of aristocratic organization and procedure," Dean F. E. Henzlik, of the University of Nebraska, stated recently.

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**THE HOG CART**

# H. Garter Dowen Is Implicated In Strike

## Story of Incoherent Prattler Involved in Taxicab Riots Investigated by Committee

(Special to the CRAMPUS)

A sinister individual who claims to be H. Garter Dowen, a member of the Muddlebury College faculty, has been implicated by the mayor's board of investigators as the instigator of the latest outbreak of warfare and sabotage in the current New York taxicab strikes.

While his dubious claims of identification are being investigated in Vermont, where no one seems to recall the name, Dowen's suspicious story was reviewed yesterday before the privy council. To date most of his testimony has consisted of incoherent babblings about an orphans' tour of the city which he was conducting the week before. On the nights of March 28 and 31, Dowen was confessedly in the center of scenes of violence in Times Square. Twice the cab he was riding in was upset and demolished, and he was carried to the sidewalk on the shoulders of the strikers to make impassioned speeches.

"Probable possibility" and "improbable impossibility" are two phrases the alleged professor has bandied about in his fiery street-corner speeches and in his suite in the Tombs. His attempt to saw his way out during the first night of his incarceration, as he calls it, was flimsily explained by his desire for copious fresh air.

At present the man complains of constitutional weakness, and pleads for a deferment of his trial. His trait of speaking long paragraphs with his eyes shut lend an air of mysticism and complete prejudice to his testimony.

While Dowen is believed to be the highest operative in the Amalgamated Omnibus Drivers' Union, final action upon his case awaits confirmation of his relations with Muddlebury, which Vermont authorities seem mysteriously unwilling to divulge.

---

After lowering the world's indoor record for the mile from 4:10 to 4:08.6, Glenn Cunningham expressed disappointment at not doing 4:06.

# REPORTER FINDS C. C. C. OLD IDEA

The C.C.C. is not original with President Roosevelt. The above fact was discovered today when our ambitious reporter stumbled upon a camp of the boys in a secluded valley of the Vermont wilds.

The camp has been flurishing for at lleast three years. Our reporter hid behind a tree and watched the progress that the boys were making. Everything was done by bells. One bell rang and a group of hardy individuals with shovels on their arms trudged into an old building. One hour later another bell rang and the first group, sleepy-eyed and tired-looking, was replaced by a second troup. So it went on hour after hour, day after day.

One peculiar thing that our reporter noticed was that after the boysy left the building their shovels were all bent and rusty and decidedly ruined. He offered the suggestion that the boys should bring along picks too to a white-haired man who wrinkled up his nose every time he smiled. "Well, now, I tell you," replied the old man, "We've had a couple cases of fellers who brought along picks and shovels, but when they started picking at the hard pan it drove 'em raving crazy."

The reporter departed and upon returning to civilization remarked that it was the queerest thing he had ever seen.

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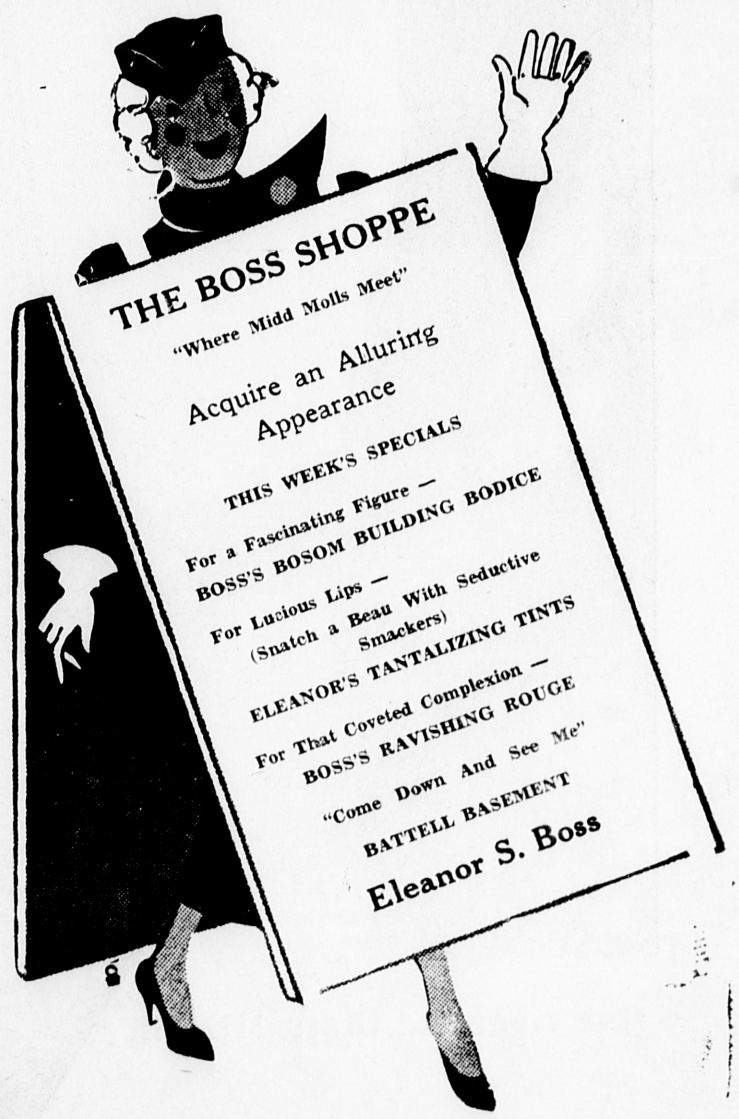

# MUDD MUSE MUTTERS ON

(Continued from page 2)

She induced him to climb Chipman Hill with her.
(All unsuspecting was he.)
She was, so she said, consumed with desire
The sunset for to see.

So next evening just at twilight
As the chimes rang clear and slow
They startedout together
To see the sunset glow.

But when they reachede the summit
A gleeful laugh laughed she.
"Now I've got you where I want you!
You'll have to marry me."

O, never!" he cried. Cruel enchantress,
oYur plots are all in vain.
For I won't be false to my own true
For rather would I be slain."

With this last reproachfull utterance
He threw himself over the cliff.
She shrugged her shoulders callouslly.
"There are penty more - - what's the diff?"

But the other fair maiden, who loved him,
When she heard these tidings dire,
Purposely skidded on Chapel Hill,
Broke her neck, and expired.

They buried them both in the graveyard,
Where, out on a walking date,"
Love-sick couples moon about the tomb
And pity their tragic fate.

## BALLAD OF A MUDD KNIGHT

There was a maid at Pearsons—
  Young and pure was she.
She'd never had a libe date,
  Nor walked the stars to see.

She'd never climbed up Chipman
  Nor strolled toward Weybridge town,
Nor had she seen the hay-barn - -
  A place of great renown.

She hadn't neared the graveyard
  In spite of all the stars - -
But spent her evenings wisely
  Behind her Latin bars.

Now she was sweet and comely,
  And one eve made a date
With a fellow young and handsome
  Who signed her out 'til late.

That evening fair, this couple
  Decided on a walk.
He begged her to go with him
  And bravely did he talk.

Persuaded by his winning ways,
  And by his manner subtle,
She strolled with him by starlite
  Unto the Passion Puddle.

And there the bold lad kissed her
  Oh once, or maybe twice.
The maiden she did shiver
  And thought, "My, this is nice!"

So did she lose her shyness - -
  And now she goes around
To all the things worth seeing
  In Muddlebury town.

## SPRING

To Mudllebury long swept by snow
By cold and glaring ice,
Comes spring which forces frost to go
With zephyrs soft and nice.

And then young men and fair coeds,
Touched by the breath of sprnig,
Shun their books and lose their heads
Over that certain thing,
To which man's fancy now does turn
Urged on by soft moon light;
But which in coed breast did burn
Thruout long winter's night.
And the long walk to Chipman hill
By many feet is trod
Who of the moon would have their fill
And make ther peace with God.
And lovely strolls to aPssion Pool
Where vows of love are rife,
Lessons not taught in common school
But in that one of Life.
In spite f those now aged and cold
And who young love defame,
It has gone on since days of old
And will now, just the same.

# BROADCAST BOOSTED

(Continued from page 1)

boys from Muddlebury singin about some fellers cane. bein purty intrestin I jest set and listend. Purty soon I remarks to Hettie — she's my wife—I sez to Hettie i sez wasent this here place Muddlebury the place where Marthys girl went to about ten yrs. ago. she sez it was. Well the program it wasent as good as this fellow Joe Penner but it was fair to middlin. only thing I didn't like was that thase durn chimes made so much noise ye couldent here the annunocer.

hopin ye like my letter which I always write to radio people when i feel like throwin the consarned contrapshun outa the window, the radio I mean yours truly

Ezra Cornstalk.

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**THURSDAY, April 12—**
**Lillian Gish and Roland Young in**
**"HIS DOUBLE LIFE"**
**News and Comedy**

**FRIDAY, April 13—**
**Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in**
**"HIPS, HIPS HOORAY"**
**Comedy**
**Matinee at 3 O'clock**

**SATURDAY, April 14—**
**Edmund Lowe in**
**"LET'S FALL IN LOVE"**
**Warner Oland and Bertha Angel in**
**"CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE"**
**News**

**MONDAY and TUESDAY,**
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**"QUEEN CHRISTINA"**
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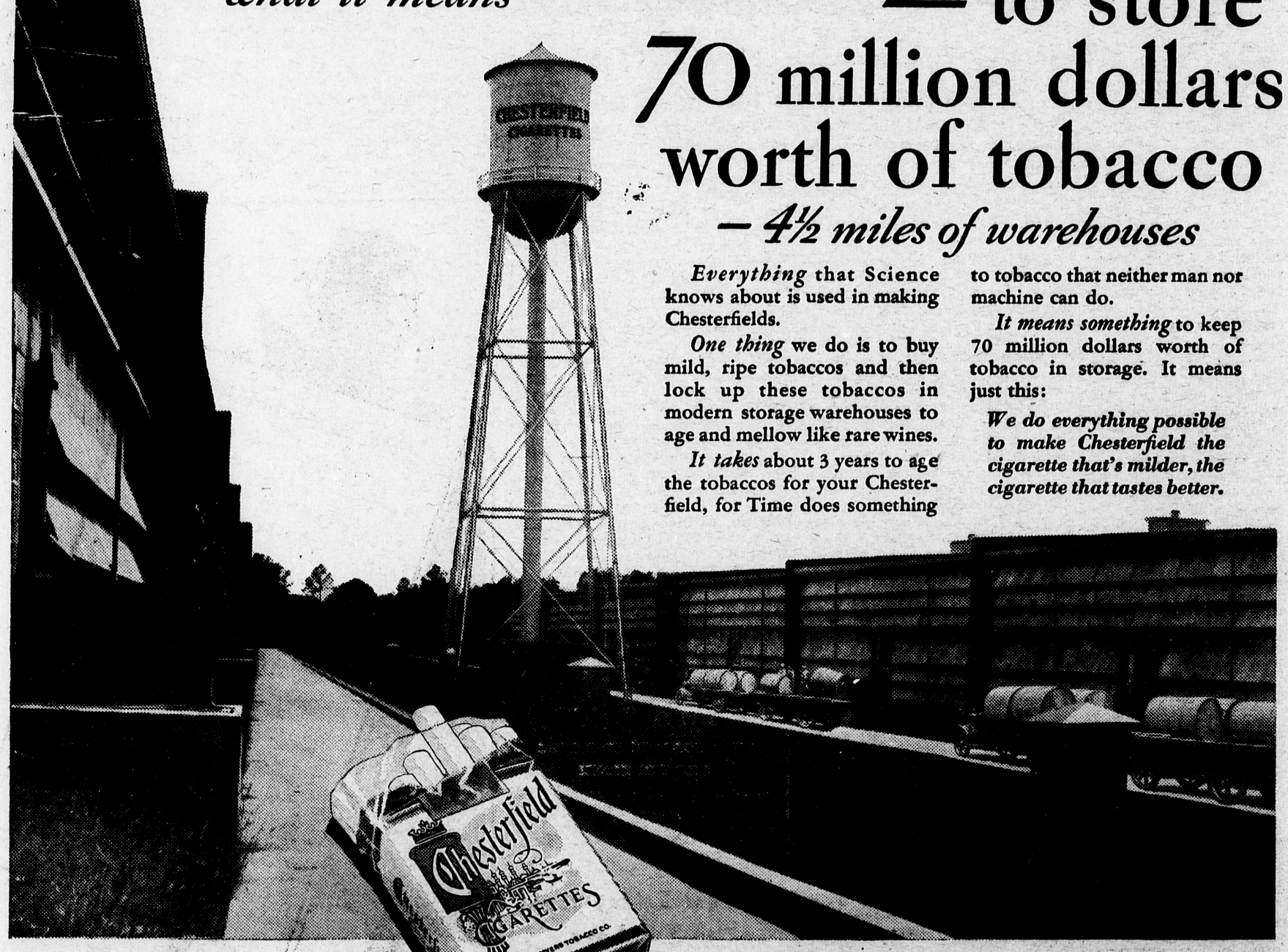


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the cigarette that's **MILDER** the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

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